



TIMON

OF

ATHENS.

A

TRAGEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakspear's Head* in
Turn-again-Lane, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had
at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakspear's Head* in '*Change-
Alley*, *Cornhill*.

M DCCXXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

TIMON, *A Noble Athenian.*

Lucius, }
Lucullus, } *Two flattering Lords.*

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius,

Lucilius,

Servilius,

Caphis,

Varro,

Philo,

Titus,

Lucius,

Hortensius,

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

Cupid and Maskers.

Phrynia,
Timandra,

} *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant ; with divers Servants and Attendants.

SCENE Athens, and the Woods not
far from it.



TIMON



TIMON

OF

ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at several Doors.*

P O E T.



GOOD Day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad ye are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes
the World?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular Rarity? What so strange,
Which manifold record not matches: See
Magick of Bounty, all these Spirits, thy Power
Hath conjur'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both, th' other's a Jeweller.

Mer. O'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt.

A 3

Mer.

6 TIMON of ATHENS.

Mer. A most incomparable Man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continue Goodness :
He passes —

Jew. I have a Jewel here.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, Sir ?

Jew. If he will touch the Estimate, but for that —

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the wild
It stains the Glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the Good.

Mer. 'Tis a good Form.

Jew. And rich ; here is a Water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, Sir, in some Work, some Dedication to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slip'd idly from me.
Our Poesie is as a Gown, which uses
From whence 'tis nourisht : 'The fire i' th' Flint
Shews not 'till it be struck : Our gentle Flame
Provokes itself, and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there ?

Pain. A Picture, Sir : — When comes your Book forth ?

Poet. Upon the Heels of my Presentment, Sir.
Let's see your Piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Piece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable ! How this Grace
Speaks his own standing ; what a mental Power
'This Eye shoots forth ? How big Imagination
Moves in this Lip ; to th' dumbness of the Gesture,
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the Life :
Here is a touch — Is't good ?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors Nature, artificial Strife
Lives in these touches livelier than Life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed !

Poet. The Senators of *Athens*, happy Men.

Pain. Look, more.

Poet. You see this confluence, this great Flood of Visitors
I have, in this rough Work, shap'd out a Man.
Whom this beneath World doth embrace and hug

With amplest Entertainment : My free drift
 Halts not particularly, but moves itself
 In a wide Sea of Wax, no levell'd Malice
 Infects one Comma in the Course I hold,
 But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
 Leaving no Tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Minds,
 As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
 Of grave and austere Quality, tender down
 Their Services to Lord *Timon* : His large Fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
 Subdues and property's to his Love and Tendence
 All sorts of Hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd Flatterer
 To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself, even he drops down
 The Knee before him, and returns in peace
 Most rich in *Timon's* Nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant Hill
 Feign'd Fortune to be throng'd. The base o'th' Mount
 Is rank'd with all Deserts, all kind of Natures,
 That labour on the Bosom of this Sphere,
 To propagate their States ; amongst them all,
 Whose Eyes are on this Sovereign Lady fixt,
 One do I personate of Lord *Timon's* Frame,
 Whom Fortune with her Ivory Hand wafts to her,
 Whose present Grace, to present Slaves and Servants
 Translates his Rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd, to scope
 This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill, methinks
 With one Man beckn'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his Head against the steepy Mount,
 To climb his Happiness, would be well express'd
 In our Condition.

Poet. Nay, Sir, but hear me on :
 All those which were his Fellows but of late,
 Some better than his Value ; on the moment
 Follow his Strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial Whisperings in his Ear,

8 TIMON of ATHENS.

Make sacred even his Stirrop, and through him
Drink the free Air.

Pain. Ay marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of Mood
Spurns down her late beloved; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountain's Top,
Even on their Knees and Hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining Foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,
'That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune,
More pregnantly than Words. Yet you do well
'To shew Lord *Timon*, that mean Eyes have seen
The Foot above the Head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord *Timon* addressing himself
courteously to every Suitor.

Tim. Imprisoned is he, say you? [*To a Messenger*]

Mes. Ay, my good Lord five Talents is his Debt,
His means most short, his Creditors most straight:
Your honourable Letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing to him,
Periods his Comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius*! well——

I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A Gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the Debt, and free him.

Mes. Your Lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his Ransom,
And being Enfranchized, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the Feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mes. All Happiness to your Honour.

[*Exit.*]

Enter an Old Athenian.

O. Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak,

Tim. Freely, good Father.

O. Ath. Thou hast a Servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

O. Ath. Most noble *Timon*, call the Man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no? *Lucilius*.

Enter

TIMON of ATHENS.

9

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your Lordship's Service.

O. Ath. This Fellow here, Lord *Timon*, this thy Creature
By Night frequents my House. I am a Man
That from my first have been inclin'd to Thrift,
And my Estate deserves an Heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well : What further ?

O. Ath. One only Daughter have I, no Kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The Maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In Qualities of the best. This Man of thine
Attempts her Love : I pray thee, Noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her Resort ;
Myself have spoke in vain,

Tim. The Man is honest.

O. Ath. Therefore he will be, *Timon*,
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

O. Ath. She is young, and apt :
Our own precedent Passions do instinct us,
What levity's in Youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid ?

Luc. Ay, my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

O. Ath. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will chuse
Mine Heir from forth the Beggars of the World,
And disposses her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal Husband ?

O. Ath. Three Talents on the Present, in future all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long ;
To build his Fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a Bond in Men. Give him thy Daughter :
What you bestow, in him I'll Counterpoise.
And make him weigh with her.

O. Ath. Most noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your Honour, she is his,

Tim. My Hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my Promise.

A 5

Luc.

10 TIMON of ATHENS.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship ; never may
That State or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

[*Exit.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend ?

Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the natural Man :
For since Dishonour trafficks with Man's Nature,
He is but Out-side : The Pensil'd Figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it : Wait Attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentlemen ; Give me your Hand,
We must needs dine together : Sir, your Jewel
Hath suffered under Praise.

Jew. What my Lord ? dispraise ?

Tim. A meer satiety of Commendations,
If I should Pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give : But you well know,
Things of like value differing in the Owners,
Are priz'd so by their Masters. Believe't, dear Lord,
You mend the Jewel by the wearing it,

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apemantus.

Mer. No, my good Lord, he speaks the common
Tongue, which all Men speak with him.

Tim. Look who comes here, will you be chid ?

Jew. We'll bear with your Lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to the gentle *Apemantus*.

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timon's* Dog, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves, thou know'st
them not ?

Apem. Are they not *Athenians* ?

Tim.

TIMON of ATHENS. II

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy Name.

Tim. Thou art Proud, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

Tim. Whither art thou going?

Apem. To knock out an Honest *Athenian's* Brains.

Tim. That's a Deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be Death by the Law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this Picture, *Apemantus*?

Apem. The best, for the Innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of Work.

Pain. Yare a Dog.

Apem. Thy Mother's of my Generation: What's she, If I be a Dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus*?

Apem. No; I eat not Lords.

Tim. And thou should'st, thoud'st anger Ladies.

Apem. O, they eat Lords,
So they come by great Bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious Apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it.

Take it for thy Labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this Jewel, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Not so well as Plain-dealing, which will not cost a Man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.

How now, Poet?

Poet. How now, Philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art thou one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest:

Look in thy last Work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy Fellow.

12 TIMON of ATHENS.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy Labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o'th' Flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my Heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry Wit to be a Lord. Art thou not a Merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty Horse, All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us; You must needs Dine with me: Go not you hence 'Till I have thank't you; and when Dinner's done, Shew me this Piece. I am Joyful of your Sights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir.

Apem. So, so, their *Achës* contract, and starve your supple Joints: That there should be small Love amongst these sweet Knaves and all this Courtesie. The strain of Man's bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alc. You have sav'd my Longing, and I feed Most hungerly on your Sight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.

E'er we depart, we'll share a bounteous Time.

In different Pleasures. Pray you let us in. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. What Time a Day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be Honest.

Luc. That Time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou that still omit'st it.

Lucull. Thou art going to Lord *Timon's* Feast.

Apem. Ay, to see Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.

Lucull.

Lucull. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a Fool to bid me Farewel twice.

Lucull. Why, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding :
Make thy Requests to thy Friend.

Lucull. Away unpeaceable Dog,
O I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. No, I will fly, like a Dog, the Heels o'th As.

Luc. He's opposite to Humanity.

Come, shall we in,

And taste Lord *Timon's* Bounty? He outgoes
The very Heart of Kindness.

Lucull. He pours it out; *Plutus*, the God of Gold,
Is but his Steward: No Need but he repays
Seven-fold above itself; no Gift to him,
But breeds the Giver a return, exceeding
All use of Quittance.

Luc. The noblest Mind he carries,
That ever govern'd Man.

Lucull. Long may he live in Fortunes: Shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you Company. [Exeunt.]

Hautboys Playing, Loud Musick. A great Banquet serv'd in;
and then enter Lord *Timon*, *Lucius*, *Lucullus*, *Sempronius*
and other Athenian Senators, with *Ventidius*. Then
comes dropping after all, *Apemantus* discontentedly like
himself.

Ven. Most honoured *Timon*,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Father's Age,
And call him to long Peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then as in grateful Virtue I am bound
To your free Heart, I do return those Talents,
Doubled with Thanks and Service, from whose Help
I deriv'd Liberty.

Tim. O by no means,
Honest Ventidius: You mistake my Love,
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:

14 TIMON of ATHENS.

If our Betters play at that Game, we must not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are Rich are Fair.

Ven. A Noble Spirit.

Tim. Nay, my Lords, Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a Gloss on faint Deeds, hollow Welcomes,
Recanting Goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown :
But where there is true Friendship there needs none.
Pray, sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Than my Fortunes to me. [*They sit down.*]

Luc. My Lord, we always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? Hang'd it? Have you not?

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Apem. No : You shall not make me welcome.

I come to have thee thrust me out of Doors.

Tim. Fie, th'art a Churl ; ye have got a Humour there
Does not become a Man, 'tis much to blame :
They say, my Lords, *Ira furor brevis est*,
But yond Man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a Table by himself :
For he does neither affect Company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine Apperil, *Timon* :
I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee ; th'art an *Athenian*, there-
fore welcome, I myself would have no Power---prethee
let my Meat make thee silent.

Apem. Iscorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me : For I should
ne'er flatter thee. O Gods ! What a number of Men
eat *Timon*, and he sees 'em not ? It grieves me to see so
many dip their Meat in one Man's Blood, and all the
Madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder Men dare trust themselves with Men.

Methinks they should invite them without Knives,
Good for their Meat, and safer for their Lives.

There's much Example for't, the Fellow that sits next
him now, parts Bread with him, pledges the Breath of
him in a divided Draught, is the readiest Man to kill
him. 'T has been proved. If I were a huge Man I
should fear to drink at Meals,

Least they should spy my Wind-pipe's dangerous Notes :
Great Men should drink with Harness on their Throats.

Tim. My Lord in Heart ; and let the Health go round.

Lucul.

TIMON of ATHENS. 15

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way!— A brave Fellow! he keeps his Tides well; those Healths will make thee and thy State look ill, *Timon*.

Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner,
Honest Water, which ne'er left Man i'th Mire :
This and my Food are equal, there's no odds ;
Feasts are too Proud to give Thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's Grace.

*Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf ;
I pray for no Man but myself ;
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust Man on his Oath or Bond :
Or a Harlot for her Weeping,
Or a Dog that seems a Sleeping,
Or a Keeper with my Freedom,
Or my Friends if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to's :
Rich Men Sin, and I eat Root.*

Much good Dich thy good Heart, *Apemantus*.

Tim. Captain,
Alcibiades, your Heart's in the Field now.

Alc. My Heart is ever at your Service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a Breakfast of Enemies, than a Dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's no Meat like 'em, I could wish my Friend at such a Feast.

Apem. Would all these Flatterers were thine Enemies then; that then thou might'st Kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

Luc. Might we but have the Happiness, my Lord, that you would once use our Hearts, whereby we might express some part of our Zeal, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh no doubt, my good Friends, but the Gods themselves have provided that I shall have as much help from you: How had you been my Friends else? Why have you that charitable Title from thousands? Did not you chiefly belong to my Heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with Modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh Gods,
think

16 TIMON of ATHENS.

think I, what need we have any Friends, if we should never have need of 'em? They were the most needless Creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: And would most resemble sweet Instruments hung up in Cases, that keep their Sounds to themselves. Why I have often wisht myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you: We are born to do Benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the Riches of our Friends? O what a precious Comfort 'tis to have so many like Brothers commanding one another's Fortunes! O Joy, e'en made away e'er't can be born; mine Eyes cannot hold Water, methinks: To forget their Faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, *Timon.*

Lucul. Joy had the like Conception in our Eyes, And at that instant like a Babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that Babe a Bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my Lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that Trump? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you, my Lord, there are certain Ladies Most desirous of Admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their Wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my Lord, Which bears that Office to signify their Pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with a Mask of Ladies.

Cu. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all that of his Bounties taste: The five best Senses acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to Gratulate thy plenteous Bosom. There taste, touch, all pleas'd from thy Table rise: They only now come but to feast thine Eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance. Musick make their welcome,

Etc. You see, my Lord, how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday!

What a sweep of Vanity comes this way!

They Dance, they are mad Women.

Like Madness is the Glory of this Life,

As this Pomp shews to a little Oyl and Root.

We make ourselves, Fools, to disport ourselves,

And

And spent our flatteries, to drink those Men,
 Upon whose Age we void it up again,
 With poisonous Spight and Envy.
 Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
 Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their Graves
 Of their Friends Gift?

I should fear, those that dance before me now,
 Would one Day stamp upon me: 'T has been done,
 Men shut their Doors against a setting Sun.

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and
 to shew their Loves, each single out an Amazon, and all
 Dance, Men with Women, a lofty strain or two to the
 Hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our Pleasures,
 Much Grace, fair Ladies,
 Set a fair fashion on our Entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind:
 You have added worth unto't, and lively Lustre,
 And entertain'd me with mine own Device.
 I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My Lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold
 taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle Banquet attends you.
 Please you to dispose yourselves.

All. La. Most thankfully, my Lord. [Exeunt.]

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?

There is no crossing him in's humour,
 Else I should tell him——well——i' faith I should,
 When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, and he could:
 'Tis pity Bounty has not Eyes behind,
 That Man might ne'er be wretched for his Mind.

Luc. Where be our Men?

Ser. Here, my Lord, in readiness.

Lucul. Our Horser.

Tim. O my good Friends?

I have one word to say to you: Look you, my good Lord,
 I must entreat you, honour me so much,

As

18 TIMON of ATHENS.

As to advance this Jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind my Lord.

Luc. I am so far already in your Gifts.

All. So are we all. [*Exe. Lucius and Lucullus.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word, it
does concern you near.

Tim. Near! Why then another time I'll hear thee.
I prithee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your Honour, Lord *Lucius*,
Out of his free Love, hath presented to you
Four Milk-white Horses trapt in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: Let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What News?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
man, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your Company to-morrow,
to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two brace of
Grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him;

And let them be receiv'd, not without fair Reward.

Flav. What will this come to?

He commands us to provide, and give great Gifts, and
All out of an empty Coffer:

Nor will he know his Purse, or yield me this,
To shew him what a Beggar his Heart is;

Being of no Power to make his Wishes good,

His Promises fly so beyond his State,

That what he speaks is all in debt, owes for ev'ry word:

He is so kind, that he now pays interest for't;

His Land's put to their Books. Well, would I were

Gently put out of Office, e'er I were forc'd:

Happier is he that has no Friend to feed,

Than such that do-e'en Enemies exceed

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Tim.

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong,
You bate too much of your own Merits.
Here, my Lord, a trifle of our Love.

1 *Lord.* With more than Common thanks.
I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O ha's the very Soul of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good words the other Day of a Bay Courser I rode on. 'Tis your's, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord : I know no Man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh my Friends affection with my own ; I'll tell you true, I'll call to you.

All Lords. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several Visitations
So kind to Heart, 'tis not enough to give,
Methinks I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades.*

Thou art a Sodier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in Charity to thee ; for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the Lands thou hast
Lye in a Pitcht Field.

Alc. I desire Land, my Lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so vertuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd——

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights, more Lights.

3 *Lord.* The best of Happiness, Honour and Fortunes,
Keep with you Lord *Timon.*

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords.

Apem. What a coil's here,
Serving of Becks and jutting out of Burns ?
I doubt whether their Legs be worth the Sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of Dregs :
Methinks false Hearts should never have sound Legs.
Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth on Court'sies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not fullen,
I wou'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing ; for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou
wouldst

20 TIMON of ATHENS.

wouldst Sin the faster, Thou giv'st so long *Timon*, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in Paper shortly. What need these Feasts, Pumps, and Vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, and you begin to rail on Society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come with better Musick. [Exit.

Apem. So——Thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then. I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee :

Oh that Mens Ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to Flattery.

[Exit.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A publick Place in the City.*

Enter a Senator.

AND late five thousand : To *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former Sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging Waste ? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steal but a Beggar's Dog,
And give it *Timon*, why the Dog coins Gold
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he ; why give my Horse to *Timon* ;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
An able Horse. No Porter at his Gate,
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can found his State in safety. *Caphis*, ho !
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your Pleasure ?

Sen. Get on your Cloak and haste you to Lord *Timon* ;
Importune him for my Monies, be not ceast
With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, with——
Commend me to your Master——and the Cap
Plays in the right Hand——thus : but tell him Sirrah,
My uses cry to me ; I must serve my turn
Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,

And

And my Reliances on his fracted dates
 Have limit my Credit. I love and honour him;
 But must not break my Back, to heal his Finger.
 Immediate are my Needs, and my Relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in Words,
 But find Supply immediate. Get you gone.
 Put on a most importunate Aspect,
 A Visage of demand: For I do fear
 When every Feather flicks in his own Wing,
 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked Gull,
 Which flashes now a Phoenix: Get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?

Take the Bonds along with you,
 And have the Dates in. Come.

Cap. I will, Sir:

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Timon's Hall.*

Enter Flavius, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flav. No care, no stop, so senseless of expence,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no account
 How things go from him, nor resumes no Care
 Of what is to continue: Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done?—he will not hear, 'till feel:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from Hunting.
 Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good Evening, *Varro*; what, you come for Money?

Var. Is't not your Business too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Isidore*?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd,

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the Lord,

Enter Timon, and his Train.

Tim. So soon as Dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My

22 TIMON of ATHENS.

My *Alcibiades*. With me, what's your will?

[*They Present their Bills.*]

Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Cap. Of *Athens* here; my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off,
To the Succession of new Days, this Month:
My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble Parts, you'll suit,
In giving him his Right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,

I prithee but repair to me next Morn'ing.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord——

Tim. Contain thyself, good Friend.

Var. One *Varro's* Servant, my good Lord——

Isid. From *Isidore*, he humbly pray your speedy payment——

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Master's wants——

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, six Weeks,
and past——

Isid. Your Steward put me off, Lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:

[*To the Lords.*]

I do beseech you, good my Lords, keep on, [*Exe. Lords.*]
I'll wait upon you instantly. Come hither, pray you.
How goes the World that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of Debt, broken Bonds,
And the Detention of long since due Debts,
Against my Honour?

Fla. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this Business:
Your Importunacy cease, 'till after Dinner,
That I may make his Lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my Friends; see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw near.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*,
let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

TIMON of ATHENS. 23

Isid. A Plague upon him, Dog.

Var. How dost, Fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy Shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. Come away.

Isid. There's the Fool hangs on your Back already.

Apem. No, thou standst single, thou art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the Question. Poor Rogues and Usurers Men, Bawds between Gold and Want.

All. What are we, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That thou ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, Fool.

Fool. How do you, Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good Fool:

How does your Mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on Water to scald such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at *Corinth*.

Apem. Good! Gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my Master's Page.

Page. Why how now, Captain? What do you in this wise Company?

How dost thou, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Would I had a Rod in my Mouth, that I might answer the profitably.

Page. Prethee, *Apemantus*, read me the Supercription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not Read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little Learning die then that Day thou art hang'd. 'This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibides*. Go, thou wast born a Bastard, and thou'lt die a Bawd.

Page. Thou wast welpt a Dog, and thou shalt famish, a Dog's death.

Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit.]

Apem. Ev'n so thou out-run'st Grace.

Fool. I will go with you to Lord *Timon's*.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem.

Apem. If *Timon* stay at Home.
You three serve three Usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Apem. So would I——

As good a Trick as ever Hangman serv'd Thief.

Fool. Are you three Usurers Men?

All. Ay; Fool.

Fool. I think no Usurer but has a Fool to his Servant.
My Mistress is one, and I am her Fool; when Men come
to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go
away merrily; but they enter my Master's House merrily,
and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-
master, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt
be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a Whore-master, Fool?

Fool. A Fool in good Cloaths, and something like thee.
'Tis a Spirit; sometime't appears like a Lord, sometimes
like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two
Stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like
a Knight; and generally, in all Shapes that Man goes
up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this Spirit
walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise Man;
As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, here comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, Fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow Lover, elder Brother,
And Woman; sometime the Philosopher.

Fla. Pray you walk near,
I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, e'er this time,
Had you not fully laid my State before me?
That I might so have rated my Expence,
As I had leave of Means.

Fla. You would not hear me:
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to
Perchance some single Vantages you took.
When my Indisposition put you back:

And

And that unaptness made you minister
Thus to excuse yourself.

Fla. O my good Lord,
At many Times I brought in my Accounts,
Laid them before you ; you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine Honesty.
When, for some trifling Present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my Head, and wept ;
Yea against th' Authority of Manners, pray'd you
To hold your Hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight Checks, when I have
Prompted you in the Ebb of your Estate,
And your great flow of Debts ; my dear lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now, too late, yet now's a Time,
The greatest of your having, lacks a Half,
To pay your present Debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Fla. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the Mouth
Of present Dues ; the future comes apace :
What shall defend the Interim, and at length
How goes our Reck'ning ?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Fla. O my good Lord, the World is but a World,
Were it all yours, to give it in a Breath,
How quickly were it gone ?

Tim. You tell me true.

Fla. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And set me on the Proof. So the Gods bless me,
When all our Offices have been oppress'd
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept
With drunken Spilth of Wine ; when every Room
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and bray'd with Minstrelsie,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful Cock,
And set mine Eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee no more.

Fla. Heav'ns ! have I said, the Bounty of this Lord !
How many prodigal Bits have Slaves and Peasants
This Night englutted ! Who is not *Timon's* ?
What Heart, Head, Sword, Force, Means, but is Lord
Timon's ?

Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royal *Timon's* ? Ah !

26 TIMON of ATHENS.

Ah ! When the Means are gone, that buy this Praise,
The Breath is gone whereof this Praise is made :
Feast won, Fast lost ; one Cloud of Winter Showers,
These Flies are coucht.

Tim. Come Sermon me no further,
No villainous Bounty yet hath past my Heart ;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep, can'st thou the Conscience lack,
To think I shall lack Friends ? Secure thy Heart,
If I would broach the Vessels of my Love,
And try the Arguments of Hearts, by borrowing,
Men and Mens Fortunes could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Stew. Assurance bless your Thoughts.

Tim. And in some Sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them Blessings : For by these
Shall I try Friends. You shall perceive
How you mistake my Fortunes :
I am wealthy in my Friends.
Within there, *Flaminius, Servilius ?*

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.
You to Lord *Lucius* !——to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted
with his Honour to Day——you to *Sempronius*——com-
mend me to their Loves, and I am proud, say, that my
Occasions have found Time to use 'em toward a Supply
of Money ; let the Request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Fla. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus* ? Hum——

Tim. Go you, Sir, to the Senators ; [To Flavius.]
Of whom, even to the States best Health, I have
Deserv'd this Hearing ; bid 'em send o'th' instant
A thousand Talents to me.

Fla. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general Way,
To them to use your Signet and your Name,
But they do shake their Heads, and I am here
No Richer in return.

Tim. It's true ? Can't be ?

Fla. They answer in a joint and corporate Voice,

Tha

That now they are at fall, want Treasure, cannot
 Do what they would, are sorry,--you are Honourable--
 But yet they could have wish'd--they know not--
 Something hath been amiss--a noble Nature
 May catch a Wench--would all were well--tis pity--
 And so intending other serious Matters,
 After distastful Looks, and these hard Fractions,
 With certain half Caps, and cold moving Nods,
 They froze me into silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them :

Prithee Man, look cheerly. These old Fellows
 Have their Ingratitude in them Hereditary :
 Their Blood is cak'd, tis cold, it seldom flows,
 Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
 And Nature, as it grows again toward Earth,
 Is fashioned for the Journey, dull and heavy.
 Go to *Ventidius* -- prithee be not sad,
 Thou art true, and honest ; ingenuously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee : *Ventidius* lately
 Bury'd his Father, by whose Death he's stepp'd
 Into a great Estate ; when he was poor,
 Imprisoned, and in scarcity of Friends,
 I clear'd him with five Talents. Greet him from me,
 Bid him suppose, some good Necessity
 Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred
 With those five Talents ; that had, give't these Fellows
 To whom tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think ;
 That *Timon's* Fortunes 'mong his Friends can sink.

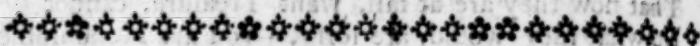
Stew. I would I could not think it ;

That thought is bounties Foe :

Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*]

C A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E the City.

Flaminius waiting to speak with Lucullus from his Master.

Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I Have told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my Lord.

Lucul. One of Lord Timon's Men? A Gift I warrant-- Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a Silver Bason and Ewe to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very respectfully welcome, Sir; fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleat, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good Lord and Master?

Flam. His Health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his Health is well, Sir; And what hast thou there under thy Cloak, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty Box, Sir, which, in my Lord's behalf, I come to intreat your Honour to supply; who having great and instant Occasion to use fifty Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present Assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,---Nothing doubting, says he? Alas, good Lord, a noble Gentleman tis, if he would not keep so good a House. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't, and come again to Supper to him on purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no Counsel, take no warning by my coming; every Man hath his Fault, and Honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a Servant with Wine.

Serv. Please your Lordship here is the Wine.

Lucul. *Flaminius*, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam.

Flam. Your Lordship speaks your Pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt Spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone, Sirrah. Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*; thy Lord's a bountiful Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (altho' thou comest to me) that this is no time to lend Money, especially upon bare Friendship without Security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the World should so much differ, And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the Money away.*]

Lucul. Ha? Now I see thou art a Fool, and fit for thy Master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the Number that may scald Let mo'ten Coin be thy Damnation, (thee: Thou disease of a Friend, and not himself. Has Friendship such a faint and milky Heart, It turns in less than two Nights? O you Gods! I feel my Master's Passion. This Slave unto his Honour Has my Lord's Meat in him: Why should it thrive, and come to Nutriment, When he is turn'd to Poison? O may Diseases only work upon't: And when he's sick to Death, let not that part of Nature, Which my Lord paid for, be of any Power To expel Sicknes, but prolong his Hour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lucius with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good Friend, and an honourable Gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less, tho' we are but Strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord, and which I hear from common Rumours, now Lord *Timon's* happy Hours are done and past, and his Estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, do not believe it: He cannot want for Money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my Lord, that not long ago, one of his Men was with the Lord *Lucullus*,

to borrow so many Talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How!

2. Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my Lord.

Luc. What a strange Case was that? Now before the Gods I am ashamed on't. Deny'd that honourable Man? There was very little Honour shew'd in that. For my own Part, I must needs confess, I have received some small Kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap yonder's my Lord, I have sweat to see his Honour.---My honour'd Lord--- [*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir; Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquisite Friend.

Ser. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent--

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so endeared to that Lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He's only sent his present Occasion now, my Lord; requesting your Lordship to supply his instant Use, with fifty Talents.

Luc. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my Lord. If his Occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

Ser. Upon my Soul tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn myself honourable! How unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the Day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of Honour? *Servilius*, now before the Gods, I am not able to do---(the more Beast I say)---I was sending to my Lord *Timon* myself, these Gentlemen can witness, but I would not for the wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now

Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no Power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest Afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable Gentleman, Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own Words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall. [Exit *Servilius*.]

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, *Servilius*.
True as you said, *Timon* is shrunk indeed,
And he that's once deny'd will hardly speed. [Exit.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, *Hyllius*?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the World's Soul;
And just of the same Piece
Is every Flatterer's Sport: Who can call him his Friend
That dips in the same Dish? For in my knowing,
Timon has been this Lord's Father,
And kept his Credit with his Purse:

Supported his Estate; nay, *Timon's* Money
Has paid his Men their Wages. He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon's* Silver treads upon his Lip;
And yet, Oh see the monstrousness of Man!
When he looks out in an ungrateful Shape,
He does deny him (in respect of this)
What charitable Men afford to Beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own Part

I never tasted *Timon* in my Life,
Nor came any of his Bounties over me,
To mark me for his Friend. Yet I protest,
For his right noble Mind, illustrious Virtue,
And honourable Carriage,
Had his Necessity made use of me,
I would have put my Wealth into Donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his Heart: But I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
For Policy sits above Conscience. [Exit.]

Enter a third Serpant with *Sempronius*.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum——
Bove all others?——

30 TIMON of ATHENS.

He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from Prison. All three
Owe their Estates unto him.

Ser. My Lord,
They have all been touch'd, and are all found base Metal,
For they have all deny'd him.

Sen. How? Have they deny'd him?
Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* deny'd him?
And does he send to me? Three! Hum——
It shows but little Love or Judgment in him.
Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends, like Physicians,
That thriv'd, give him over. Must I take the Cure upon
H'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him, (me)
That might have known my Place, I see no sense for't,
But his Occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my Conscience, I was the first Man
That e'er received Gift from him.

And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No:

So it may prove an Argument of Laughter
To th'rest, and 'mongst Lords I be thought a Fool:
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the Sum,
H'ad sent to me first, but for my Mind's sake:
I'd such a Courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint Reply this Answer join;

Who bares mine Honour, shall not know my Coin [*Ex.*

Ser. Excellent! Your Lordship's a goodly Villain. The
Devil knew not what he did, when he made Man Poli-
tick; he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot think, but
in the end the Villanies of Man will set him clear.
How fairly this Lord strives to appear foul? Takes vir-
tuous Copies to be wicked: Like those that under hot,
ardent Zeal, would set whole Realms on Fire; of such
a nature is his politick Love.

This was my Lord's best hope, now all are fled,
Save only the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their Wards,
Many a bounteous Year, must he employ'd
Now to guard sure their Master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his Wealth, must keep his House [*Ex.*

SCENE

SCENE II. Timon's Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other Servants of Timon's Creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met, Good morrow, *Titus* and *Hortensius*.

Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro*.

Hor. *Lucius*, what do we meer together?

Luc. Ay, and I think one Business does command us all. For mine is Money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours,

Enter Philo.

Luc. And Sir *Philo's* too.

Phi. Good-day at once.

Luc. We'come, good Brother.

What do you think the Hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my Lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was won't to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the Days are wax'd shorter with him: You must consider that a prodigal Course

Is like the Sun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear:

'Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timon's* Purse; that is, one may reach deep enough, and yet find little,

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you t'observe a strange Event:

Your Lord sends now for Money?

Hor. Most true, he does,

Tit. And he wears Jewels now of *Timon's* Gift, For which I wait for Money.

Hor. It is against my Heart.

Luc. Mark how strange it shews, *Timon* in this should pay more than he owes:

And e'en as if your Lord should wear rich Jewels

And send for Money for 'em,

Hor. I am weary of this Charge, the Gods can witness:

I know my Lord hath spent of *Timon's* Wealth, And now Ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's Three Thousand Crowns :
What's yours ?

Luc. Five Thousand, mine.

Var. 'Tis much deep, and it should seem by th' Sum,
Your Master's Confidence was above mine,
Else surely his had equal'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's Men.

Luc. Flaminius ! Sir, a Word : Pray is my Lord
ready to come forth ?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship ; pray signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are
too diligent.

Enter Flavius in a Cloak muffled.

Luc. Ha ! is not that his Steward muffled so ?
He goes away in a Cloud : Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir ———

Var. By your Leave, Sir.

Flav. What do you ask of me, my Friend ?

Tit. We wait for certain Money here, Sir.

Flav. If Money were as certain as your Waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then prefer'd you not your Sums and Bills,
When your false Masters ate of my Lord's Meat ?
Then they would smile, and fawn upon his Debts,
And take down th' Interest into their glutt'rous Maws.
You do yourselves but Wrong to stir me up.
Let me pass quietly :
Believe't, my Lord and I have an End,
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this Answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you.
For you serve Knaves. *[Exit Flavius.]*

Var. How ! what does his cashier'd Worship mutter ?

Tit. No matter what ——— he's poor, and that's
Revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he
that has no House to put his Head in ? Such may rail
against great Buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's Servilius : now we shall have some
Answer.

Serv.

Ser. If I might beseech you, Gentlemen, to repair some other Hour, I should derive much from't. For tak't of my Soul, my Lord leans wonderously to Discontent: His comfortable Tempet has forsook him, he's much out of Health, and keeps his Chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their Chambers, are not sick: And if he be so far beyond his Health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his Debts, And make a clear Way to the Gods.

Ser. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an Answer.

Flam. [within.] *Servilius*, help-- my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Timon in a Rage.

Tim. What, are my Doors oppos'd against my Passage? Have I been ever free, and must my House Be my retentive Enemy? my Goal? The Place which I have feasted, does it now, Like all Mankind, shew me an Iron Heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, here's my Bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my Lord.

Cap. And ours, my Lord.

Phi. And our Bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em all-- release me to the Girdle.

Luc. Alas! my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my Heart in Sums.

Tit. Mine fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my Blood.

Luc. Five Thousand Crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five Thousand Drops pays that.

What yours?— and yours?

Var. My Lord—

Cap. My Lord—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the Gods fall upon you.

Exit Timon.

Hor. Faith, I perceive our Masters may throw their Caps at their Money; these Debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a Madman owes 'em. [Exit.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my Breath from me, the

Slaves.

B 5

Cle-

Creditors! ——— Devils!

Flav. My dear Lord, ———

Tim. What if it should be so ———

Flav. My dear Lord, ———

Tim. I'll have it so ——— My Steward!

Flav. Here, my Lord, ———

Tim. So fitly! ——— Go, bid all my Friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus and Sempronius; All ———

I'll once more feast the Rascals.

Flav. O my Lord! you only speak from your distracted Soul; there's not so much left as to furnish out a moderate Table.

Tim. Be it not in thy Care: ———

Go, I charge thee, invite them all; let in the Tide Of Knaves once more: my Cook and I'll provide. *[Exit]*

SCENE III. The City.

Enter three Senators at one Door, Alcibiades meeting them with Attendants.

1 *Sen.* My Lord, you have my Voice to't; the Fault's 'Tis necessary he should die: ——— bloody; Nothing emboldens Sin so much as Mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Honour, Health and Compassion to the Senate.

1 *Sen.* Now, Cap ain.

Alc. I am an humble Suitor to your Virtues, For Pity is the Virtue of the Law, And none but Tyrants use it cruelly! It pleases Time and Fortune to lie heavy Upon a Friend of mine, who in hot Blood Hath stept into the Law, which is fast Depth To those that without Heed do plunge into: He is a Man, setting his Fate aside, of comely Virtues, And Honour in him, which buys out his Fault; Nor did he soil the Fact with Cowardice, But with a noble Fury, and fair Spirit, Seeing his Reputation touch'd to Death, He did oppose his Foe; And with such sober and unnoted Passion, He did have his Anger, 'twas spent, As if he had but prov'd an Argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a Paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly Deed look fair;
 Your Words have took such Pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring Manlaughter into Form, and set Quarrelling
 Upon the Head of Valour; which indeed
 Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the World
 When Sects and Factions were newly born.
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that Man can breathe,
 And make his Wrongs his Outfides,
 To wear them like his Rayment carelessly,
 And ne'er prefer his Injuries to his Heart,
 To bring it into Danger.
 If Wrongs be Evils, and enforce us kill,
 What Folly 'tis to hazard Life for Ill.

Alc. My Lord! —

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross Sins look clear,
 To revenge is no Valour, but to bear.

Alc. My Lords, then under Favour, pardon me;
 If I speak like a Captain.

Why do fond Men expose themselves to Battel,
 And not endure all Threats? Sleep upon't,
 And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
 Without Repugnancy? If there be
 Such Valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad? Why then Women are more valiant
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
 And the Ass, more Captain than the Lion? This Fellow
 Loaden with Irons; wiser than the Judge,
 If Wisdom be in suffering. O my Lords,
 As you are great, be pitifull good;
 Who cannot condemn Rashness in cold Blood?
 To kill, I grant, is Sin's extremest Guilt,
 But in Defence, by Mercy 'tis most just.
 To be in Anger is Impiety:
 But who is Man, that is not angry?
 Weigh but the Crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain;

His Service done at *Lacedæmon* and *Byzantium*,
 Were a sufficient Briber for his Life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc.

Alc. Why, I say my Lords, h'has fair Service,
And slain in Fight many of your Enemies;
How full of Valour did he bear himself
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous Wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much Plenty with 'em,
He's a sworn Rioter; he has a Sin
That often drowns him, and takes his Valour Prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that beastly Fury
He has been known to commit Outrages,
And cherish Factions. 'Tis infer'd to us,
His Days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alc. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd in War.
My Lords, if not for any Parts in him,
Though his Right-Arm might purchase his own Time,
And be in Debt to none; yet more to move you,
Take my Deserts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know your Reverend Ages love Security,
I'll pawn my Victories, all my Honours to you,
Upon his good Returns.
If by this Crime he owes the Law his Life,
Why let the War receive it in valiant Gore;
For Law is strict, and War is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for Law, he dies, urge it no more,
On Height of our Displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his own Blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not be:
My Lords, I do beseech you know me.

1 Sen. How?

Alc. Call me to your Remembrance.

3 Sen. What! —————

Alc. I cannot think but your Age hath forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base
To sue, and be deny'd such common Grace.
My Wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our Anger?
'Tis in few Words, but spacious in Effect.
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me! banish your Detage, banish Usury,
That makes the Senate ugly.

1 Sen. If after two Days shine, Athens contains thee,
Attend

Attend our weightier Judgment.

And, not to swell our Spirit,

He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alc. Now the Gods keep you old enough,

That you may live

Only in Bone, that none may look on you.

I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their Foes

While they have told their Money, and let out

Their Coin upon large Interest; I myself

Rich only in large Hurts, --- All those, for this?

Is this the Balsam that the usuring Senate

Pours into Captains Wounds? Ha! Banishment!

It comes not ill: I hate not to be banish'd,

It is a Cause worthy for Spleen and Fury,

That I may strike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up

My discontented Troops, and lay for Hearts:

'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at Odds,

Soldiers should brook as little Wrongs as Gods. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Timon's House.

Enter divers Senators at several Doors.

1 *Sen.* The good Time of the Day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I also wish it to you; I think this honourable Lord did but try us this other Day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my Thoughts tiring when we encountred. I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the Tryal of his several Friends.

2 *Sen.* It should not be, by the Perswasion of his new feasting.

1 *Sen.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near Occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in Debt to my importunate Business; but he would not hear my Excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my Provision was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that Grief too, as I understand how all Things go.

2 *Sen*

2 Sen. Every Man here's so, What would he have borrowed of you?

1 Sen. A Thousand Pieces.

2 Sen. A Thousand Pieces!

1 Sen. What of you?

3 Sen. He sent to me, Sir --- here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my Heart, Gentlemen both ---- and how fare you?

1 Sen. Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 Sen. The Swallow follows not Summer more willingly, than we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer-Birds are Men. Gentlemen, our Dinner will not recompence this long Stay: Feast your Ears with the Musick a while; if they will fare so harshly as o' th' Trumpet's Sound: We shall to't presently.

1 Sen. I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what Cheer?

The Banquet brought in.

2 Sen. My most honourable Lord, I'm e'en sick of Shame, that when your Lordship t'other Day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two Hours before ----

Tim. Let it not cumber your better Remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen. All cover'd Dishes!

1 Sen. Royal Cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if Money and the Season can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? What's the News?

3 Sen. Alcibiades is banish'd: Heard you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? How?

2 Sen. I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will ye draw near?

3 Sen.

3 Sen. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble Feast

2 Sen. This is the Old Man still. (toward.

3 Sen. Will't hold?

2 Sen. It does, but Time will, and so ---

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim. Each Man to his Stoo', with that Spur as he would to the Lip of his Mistress; Your Diet shall be in all Places alike. Make not a City-Feast of it, to let the Meat cool, e'er we can agree upon the first Place. Sit, sit. The Gods require our Thanks.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulness. For your own Gifts, make yourselves prais'd: But reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each Man enough, that one need not lend to another. For, were your Godheads to borrow of Men, Men would forsake the Gods. Make the Meat be beloved more than the Man that gives it. Let no Assembly of Twenty be without a Score of Villains. If there sit Twelve Women at the Table, let a Dozen of them be as They are --- The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common Lag of People, what is amiss in them, you Gods, make suitable for Destruction. For these my present Friends --- as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover Hogs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold,
You Knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, and lukewarm
Is your Perfection. This is Timon's last, (Water
Who stuck, and spangled you with Flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your Faces
Your reeking Villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Courteous Destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, Frencher-Friends, Time-Files,
Cap and Knee-Slaves, Vapours, and Minute Jacks
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Malady
Crust you quite o'er. What, do'st thou go?
Soft, take thy Physick first --- thou too --- and thou ---
[*Throwing the Dishes at them, and drives 'em out.*]
Stay, I will lend thee Money, borrow none.

What!

What! what, all in Motion! Henceforth be no Feast,
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome Guest.
Burn House, sink Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon, Man, and all Humanity. [Exit.

Enter the Senators.

- 1 Sen. How now, my Lords?
2 Sen. Know you the Quality of Lord Timon's Fury?
3 Sen. Push, did you see my Cap?
4 Sen. I have lost my Gown.
1 Sen. He's but a mad Lord, and nought but Humour sways him. He gave me a Jewel th'other Day, and now he has beat it out of my Hat.
Did you see my Jewel?
2 Sen. Did you see my Cap?
3 Sen. Here 'tis.
4 Sen. Here lyes my Gown.
1 Sen. Let's make no Stay.
2 Sen. Lord Timon's mad.
3 Sen. I feel't upon my Bones.
4 Sen. One Day he gives us Diamonds, next Day Stones. [Exeunt Senators.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. LET me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,
That girdlest in those Wolves, dive in the Earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their Steads to general Filth.
Convert o'th' instant green Virginity,
Do't it in your Parents Eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast,
Rather than render back; out with your Knives,
And cut your Trustees Throats. Bound Servants, steal;
Large-handed Robbers, your grave Masters are,
And Pill by Law. Maid, to thy Master's Bed;
Thy Mistress is o'th Brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire.

With

With it beat out his Brains. Piety and Fear,
 Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
 Domestick Awe, Night-rest, and Neighbourhood,
 Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
 Degrees, Observances, Customs and Laws,
 Decline to your confounding Contraries.
 And yet Confusion live: Plagues incident to Men,
 Your potent and infectious Fever-heat
 On Athens ripe for stroke. Those cold-Seriatrics,
 Cripple our Senators, that their Limbs may halt
 As lamely as their Manners. Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the Minds and Marrows of our Youth,
 That 'gainst the Stream of Virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in Riot: Follies, Blains,
 Sow all the Athenian Bosoms, and their Crop
 Be general Leprosy: Breath infect Breath,
 That their Society (as their Friendship) may
 Be merely Poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But Nakedness, thou detestable Town.
 Take thou that too, with multiplying Banns:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
 Th' unkindest Beast much kinder than Mankind.
 The Gods confound! (hear me you good Gods all)
 Th' *Athenians* both within and out that Wall;
 And grant, as *Timon* grows, his Hate may grow,
 To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low.
Amen.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *Timon's House.**Enter Flavius with two or three Servants.*

1 *Ser.* Hear you, Master Steward, where's our Master?
 Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my Fellows, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the Righteous Gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Ser.* Such a House broke!
 So noble a Master fallen to all gods! and not
 One Friend to take his Fortune by the Arm,

And

And go along with him?

2 *Ser.* As we do turn our Backs
From our Companion, thrown into his Grave,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Sink all away, leave their false Vows with him
Like empty Purfes pick'd. And his poor self
A dedicated Beggar to the Air,
With his Disease, of all shun'd Poverty
Walks like Contempt alone. More of our Fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken Implements of a ruin'd House.

3 *Ser.* Yet do our Hearts wear *Timon's* Livery,
That see I by our Faces; we are Fellows still,
Serving alike in Sorrow; leak'd is our Bark,
And we, poor Mates, stand on the dying Deck,
Hearing the Surges threat: We must all part
Into the Sea of Air.

Flav. Good Fellows all,
The latest of my Wealth I'll share amongst you.
Where-ever we shall meet, for *Timon's* sake,
Let's yet be Fellows. Let's shake our Heads, and say,
As 'twere a Knell unto our Master's Fortunes,
We have seen better Days. Let each take some;
Nay, put out all your Hands: not one Word more,
Thus part we rich in Sorrow, parting poor.

[*He gives them Money, they embrace,*
and part several ways.

Oh the fierce Wretchedness that Glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from Wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, as to live
But in a Dream of Friendship?
To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,
But only painted like his varnish'd Friends:
Poor honest Lord I brought low by his own Heart,
Undone by Goodness: Strange unusual Blood,
When Man's worst Sin is, he does too much Good,
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For Bounty that makes Gods, does still marr Men.
My dearest Lord, blest to be most accur'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy chief Afflictions. Alas, kind Lord!

Exit

He's

He's flung in a Rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monstrous Friends:

Nor has he to supply his Life,

Or that which can command it:

I'll follow and enquire him out.

I'll ever serve his Mind, with my best Will,

Whilst I have Gold, I'll be his Steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Woods.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the Earth

Ro ten Humidity: Below thy Sister's Orb

Infect the Air: Twin'd Brothers of one Womb,

Who's Procreation, Residence, and Birth,

Scarce is dividant, touch them with several Fortunes,

The greater scorns the lesser. Not Nature,

To whom all Sores lay Siege, can bear great Fortune

But by Contempt of Nature.

Raise me this Beggar, and deny't that Lord,

The Senator shall bear Contempt hereditary,

The Beggar native Honour:

It is the Pasture lards the Beggar's Sides,

The Want that makes him lean. Who dares? who dares;

In purity of Manhood, stand upright,

And say, this Man's a Flatterer? If one be,

So they are all, for every grize of Fortune

Is smooch'd by that below. The learned Pate

Ducks to the golden Fool. All's Obloquy:

There's nothing level in our cursed Natures

But direct Villany. Therefore be abhor'd,

All Feasts, Societies and Throngs of Men.

His semblable, yea himself *Timon* disdains,

Destruction phang Mankind, Earth yield me Roots,

[Digging the Earth.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his Pallate

With thy most operant Poison. What is here?

Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?

No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,

Roots you clear Heav'ns. Thus much of this will make

Black, White; Foul, Fair; Wrong, Right;

Base, Noble; Old, Young; Coward, Valiant. (this

Ha, you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why?

Will

Will lug your Priests and Servants from your Sides;
Pluck stout Mens Pillows from below their Heads;

This yellow Slave

Will knit and break Religions, bless th' accur'd,

Make the hoar Leprosy, ador'd, place Thieves,

And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation

With Senators on the Bench: This is it

That makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;

She, whom the Spittle-House, and ulcerous Sores,

Would cast the Gorge at: this embalms and spices

To th' April-Day again. Come, damned Earth,

Thou common Whore of Mankind; that puttest odd

Among the Rout of Nations, I will make thee

Do thy right Nature. *[March afar off.]*

Ha! a Drum? Th' art quick, *[March afar off.]*

But yet I'll bury thee. — Thou'lt go *(strong Thiel)*

When gouty Keepers of thee cannot stand;

Nay, I lay thee out for earnest.

Enter Alcibiades with Drum and Fife in quarlike

manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou here? speak.

Tim. A Beast, as thou art: The Canker gnaw thy

For shewing me again the Eyes of Man. *(Heart)*

Alc. What is thy Name? is Man so hateful to thee;

That art thyself a Man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankind.

For thy part, I do with thee wert a Dog.

That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:

But in thy Fortunes I am learn'd and strange,

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee

With Man's Blood paint the Ground, Gules, Gules,

Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel,

Then what should War be? This fell Whore of thine,

Hath in her more Destruction than thy Sword,

For all her Cherubin Look.

Phry. Thy Lips rot off;

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the Rot returns

To thine own Lips again.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this Change?

Tim. As the Moon does, by wanting Light to give:

But

But then renew I could not, like the Moon:
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what Friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my Opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but perform none.

If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a Man: If thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a Man.

Alc. I have heard in some Sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had Prosperity.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed Time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a Brace of Harlots.

Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* Minion, whom the World voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a Whore still, they love thee not that use thee, give them Diseases, leaving with thee their Lust. Make use of thy salt Hours, sea on the Slaves for Tubs and Baths, bring down Rose-cheek'd Youth to the Fast, and the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee, Monster.

Alc. Pardon him, sweet *Timandra*, for his Wits Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

I have but little Gold of late, brave *Timon*,

The Want whereof doth daily make Revolt

In my penurious Band. I heard and griev'd,

How curs'd *Athens*, mindless of thy Worth,

Forgetting thy great Deeds, when Neighbour-States,

But for thy Sword and Fortune, trod upon them —

Tim. I prithee beat thy Drum, and get thee gone,

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:

Here is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it. I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a Heap.

Tim. War'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest.

And

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villains
Thou wast born to conquer my Country;
Put up thy Gold. Go on, here's Gold, go on;
Be as a Planetary Plague, whom *Jove*
Will o'er some high-vic'd City, hang his Poison
In the sick Air: Let not thy Sword skip one.
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Usurer. Strike me the counterfeit Matron,
It is her Habit only that is honest,
Herself's a Bawd. Let not the Virgin's Cheek
Make soft thy trenchant Sword; for those Milk-Paps
That through the Window-Pan bore at Mens Eyes,
Are not within the Leaf of Pity writ,
But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whose dimpled Smiles from Fools exhaust their Mercy;
Think it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced; the Throat shall cut,
And mince it sans Remorse. Swear against Objects,
Put Armour on thine Ears, and on thine Eyes,
Whose Proof, nor Yells of Mothers, Maids, nor Babies,
Nor Sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a Jot. There's Gold to pay thy Soldiers.
Make large Confusion; and thy Purse spent,
Confounded be thyself. Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet? I'll take the Gold thou
givest me, not all thy Counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heav'n's Curse
upon thee.

Both. Give us some Gold, good *Timon*, hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold up, you Sluts,
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong Shudders, and to heavenly Agues
Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your Oaths;
I'll trust to your Conditions, be Whores still.
And he whose pious Breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burn him up.
Let your close Fire predominate his Smoak,
And be no Turn-coats: Yet may your Pains six Months

Be

Be quite contrary. And thatch
Your poor thin Roofs, with Burthens of the Dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Wear them; betray with them; whore still,
Paint till a Horse may mire upon your Face;
A Pox of Wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold——what then?
Believe that we'll do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow Bones of Man, strike their sharp Shins,
And mar Mens spurring. Crack the Lawyer's Voice,
That he may never more false Title plead.
Nor sound his Quillets shrilly. Hoar the Flamey,
That scolds against the Quality of Flesh,
And not believes himself: Down with the Nose,
Down with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee (bald
Smells from the general Weal. Make curl'd-pate Ruffians
And let the uncarr'd Braggarts of the War
Derive some Pain from your Plague all.
That your Activity may defeat, and quell
The source of all Erection: There's more Gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And Ditches grave you all. [mon.

Both. More Counsel with more Money, bounteous Ti-

Tim. More Whore, more Mischief first; I have given
you Earnest.

Alc. Strike up the Drum towards Athens; farewell Ti-
mon: If I thrive well I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope wel', I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that Harm?

Tim. Men dai'y find it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike. [Exeunt.

Tim. That Nature being sick of Man's Unkindness,
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose Womb unmeasurable, and infinite Breast
Teems and feeds all; whose self-same Mettle
Whereof thy proud Child, arrogant Man, is puff,
Engenders the black Toad, and Adder blue,

The

The gilded Newt, and eyeless venom'd Worm,
 With all the abhorred Births below crisp Heav'n,
 Whereou *Hyperions* quickening Fire doth shine;
 Yield him, who all the human Sons do's hate,
 From forth thy plenteous Bosom, one poor Root.
 Ensear thy Fertile, and conception Womb;
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful Man.
 Go great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves and Bears,
 Teem with new Monsters, whom thy upward Face
 Hath to the marbled Mansion all above
 Never presented. Oh, a Root——— dear Thanks:
 Dry up thy Marrows, Veins, and Blough-torn Leas,
 Whereof ingrateful Man with Liquorish Draughts
 And Morfels unctious, greases his pure Mind,
 That from it all Consideration slips.

Enter Apemantus.

More Man? Plague, Plague.

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
 Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a Dog
 Whom I would imitate; Consumption catch thee.

Apem. This is in thee a Nature but affected,
 A poor unmanly Melancholy, sprung
 From Change of Fortune. Why this Spade? this Place?
 This Slave-like Habit, and these Looks of Care?
 Thy Flatterers yet wear Silk, drink Wine, lye soft,
 Hug their diseased Perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
 By putting on the Cunning of a Carper.
 Be thou a Flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee; hinge thy Knee,
 And let his very Breath whom thou'lt observe
 Blow off thy Cap; praise his most vicious Strain,
 And call it excellent; thou wast told thus:
 Thou gav'st thine Ears, like Tapsters, that bid welcome,
 To Knaves, and all Approachers: 'Tis most just
 That thou turn Rascal, hadst thou Wealth again,
 Rascals shou'd have't. Do not assume my Likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,

A Mad-man so long, now a Fool: What think'st
That the bleak Air, thy boisterous Chamberlain,
Will put thy Shirt on Warm? will these moist Trees
That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy Heels,
And Skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold Brook
Candied with Ice, cawdle thy Morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's Surfeit? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures live in all the spight
Of wreekful Heav'n; whose bare unhousted Trunks,
To the conslecting Elements expos'd,
Answer meer Nature; bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou shalt find -----

Tim. A Fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st Misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villain's Office, or a Fools.
Dost please thy self in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a Knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sowre cold Habit on
To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be again,
Wert thou not a Beggar; willing Misery
Out-lives incertain Pomp; is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never Compleat:
The other, at high wish, best state Contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched Being,
Worse than the worst, Content.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his Breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortune's tender Arm
With Favour never clasp; but bred a Dog.
Hadst thou like us from our first swarth proceeded,
Through sweet Degrees that this brief World affords
To such as may the passive Drugs of it (self
Freely command; thou would'st have plung'd thy
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth

In different Beds of Lust, and never learned
 The icy Precepts of Respect, but followed
 The Sugared Game before thee. But my self,
 Who had the World as my Confectionary, (Men,
 The Mouths, the Tongues, the Eyes, the Hearts of
 At Duty more than I could frame Employments;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the Oak, have with one Winters brush
 Fall'n from their Boughs, and left me open, bare,
 For every Storm that blows. I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burthen.
 Thy Nature did commence in Sufferance, Time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men
 They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt Curse; thy Father, that poor Rag,
 Must be thy Subject; who in spight put stuff
 To some She-Beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor Rogue, hereditary. Hence! be gone -----
 If thou hadst not been the worst of Men,
 Thou hadst been a Knave and Flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet;

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no Prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the Wealth I have shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
 That the whole Life of *Athens* were in this,
 Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a Root.*]

Apem. Here will I mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy Company, take away thy self.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by th'lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
 If not, I would it were

Apem. What would'st thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. The thither in a Whirlwind; if thou wilt.
 Tell them there I have Gold, look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for Gold.

Tim. The best and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st a Nights, *Timon*?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou a Days, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Where my Stomach finds Meat, or rather
 where I eat it.

Tim

Tim. Would Poison were obedient, and knew my Mind.

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy Dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both Ends. When thou wast in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee, for too much curiosity; in thy Rags thou knowest none, but are despis'd for the contrary. There's a Medler for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a Medler?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. And th' hadst hated Medlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thy self better now. What Man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his Means?

Tim. Who without those Means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. My self.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some Means to keep a Dog.

Apem. What things in the World canst thou nearest compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but Men, Men are the things themselves. What would thou do with the World, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy Power?

Apem. Give it the Beasts, to be rid of the Men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thy self fall in the confusion of Men, and remain a Beast with Beasts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attain to. If thou wert the Lion, the Fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the Lamb, the Fox would eat thee, if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Ass; if thou wert the Ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'st but as a Breakfast to the Wolf. If thou wert the Wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy Life for thy Dinner. Wert thou the Unicorn, Pride and Wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the Conquest of thy Fury. Wert thou a

Bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the Horse; wert thou a Horse thou wouldst be seized by the Leopard; wert thou a Leopard, thou wert German to the Lion, and the spots of thy Kindred, were Jurors on thy Life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy Defence absence. What Beast could thou be, that were not subject to a Beast; and what a Beast art thou already, and see'st not thy Loss in Transformation.

Apem. If thou could please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Have hit upon it here.

The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become
A Forest of Beasts.

Tim. How has the Ass broke the Wall, that thou
art out of the City?

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter ----
The Plague of Company light upon thee;
I will fear to catch it, and give way.
When I know not what else to do,
I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggar's Dog
Than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough
To spit upon.

Apem. A Plague on thee.
Thou art too bad to Curse:

Tim. All Villains
That do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no Leprosie
But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, I'll beat thee:
But I should infect my Hands.

Apem. I would my Tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangy Dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I fswound to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a Stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! Rogue! Rogue!

I am sick of this false World, and will love nought
But even the meer necessities upon't;

Then *Timon* presently prepare thy Grave;

Lye where the Light Foam of the Sea may beat

Thy Graverstone daily; make thine Epitaph.

That Death in me, at others Lives my laugh.

O thou sweet King-Killer, and dear Divorce

'Twixt natural Son and Sire; thou bright defiler

Of *Hymen's* purest Bed; thou valiant *Mars*,

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate Wooer,

Whose Blush doth thaw the consecrated Snow,

That lies on *Dian's*-Lap. Thou visible God,

That souldrest close Impossibilities,

And mak'st them kifs; that speak'st with every Tongue

To every purpose; or thou touch of Hearts,

Think slave Man Rebels, and by thy Virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that Beasts

May have the world in Empire.

Apem. Would 'twere so,

But not till I am dead. I'll say th'hast Gold;

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy Back, I prethee.

Apem. Live and love thy Misery,

Tim. Long live so, and so die. I am quit.

Apem. Mo things like men----

Eat, *Timon*, and abhor them.

[Exit Apeman.]

Enter the Banditti.

1 *Band.* Where should he have this Gold? It is
some poor Fragment, some slender Ort of his Re-
mainder: The meer want of Gold, and the falling
from off his Friends, drove him into this Melancholy

2 *Band.* It is nois'd
He hath a Mass of Treasure.

3 *Band.* Let us make the assay upon him, if he care not for't, he will supply us easily : If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it ?

2 *Band.* 'True ; for he bears it not about him. 'Tis hid.

1 *Band.* Is not this he ?

All. Where ?

2 *Band.* 'Tis his Description.

3 *Band.* He : I know him,

All. Save thee, *Timon*.

Tim. Now Thieves.

All. Soldiers not Thieves.

Tim. Both too, and Womens Sons.

All. We are not Thieves but Men

That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of Meat. Why should you want ? Behold, the Earth hath Roots, Within the Mile break forth an hundred Springs ; The Oaks bear Masts, the Briers Scarlet Hips, The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each Bush, Lays her full Mess before you, Want ? why want ?

1 *Band.* We cannot live on Grass, on Berries, Water, As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes, (Fishes,

Tim. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds and You must eat Men. Yet thanks I must you con, That you are Thieves profess ; that you work not In holier Shapes ; for there is boundless Theft In limited Professions, Rascal Thieves, Here's Gold. Go, suck the subtle Blood o'th' Grape, 'Till the high Feaver seeth your Blood to Froth, And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physician, His Antidotes are Poison, and he slays More than you Rob : Take wealth, and live together, Do Villany do, since you protest to do't, Like Workmen, I'll Example you with Thievery : The Sun's a Thief, and with his great Attraction Robs the vast Sea. The Moon's an Arrant Thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun. The Sea's a Thief, whose liquid Surge resolves The Moon into Salt Tears. The Earth's a Thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln From gen'ral Excrement : Each thing's a Thief.

The

The Laws, your curb and whip, in their rough Power
 Has uncheck'd theft. Love not your selves, away,
 Rob one another, there's more Gold; Cut Throats;
 All that you meet are Thieves: To *Athens* go,
 Break open Shops, nothing can you Steal (give you
 But Thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this I
 And Gold confound you howsoever. *Amen.* (*Exit.*
 3 *Band.* He's almost charm'd me from my Profession,
 by perswading me to it.

1 *Band.* 'Tis in the malice of Mankind, that he thus
 advises us, not to have us thrive in our Mystery.

2. *Band.* I'll believe him as an Enemy.
 And give over my Trade.

(*time*

1 *Band.* Let us first see Peace on *Athens*, there is no
 so miserable but a Man may be true [*Exeunt Thieves.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE the Woods and Timon's Cave.

Enter Flavius to Timon.

Flav. O H you Gods!
 Is yond despis'd and ruinous Man my Lord
 Full of decay and failing? Oh Monument
 And wonder of good Deeds, evilly bestow'd! made
 What an alteration of honour has desp'rate want
 What viler thing upon the Earth, than Friends,
 Who can bring noblest Minds to basest Ends,
 How rarely does it meet with this times guise,
 What Man was wisht to love his Enemies:
 Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do,
 Ha's caught me in his Eye, I will present my honest
 Grief Unto him; and, as my Lord, still serve him
 with my Life, my dearest Master.

Tim. Away: What art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me Sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all Men.
 Then if thou grun'st th'art a Man.
 I have forgot thee.

G. 4.

Flav

Flav. An honest poor Servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I ne'er had an honest Man about me, I, all
I kept were Knaves, to serve in Meat to Villains.

Flav. The Gods are witnesses,
Never did poor Steward wear a truer Grief
For his undone Lord, than mine Eyes for you.

Tim. What dost thou weep? Come nearer, then I
love thee

Because thou art a Woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty Mankind; whose Eyes do never give,
But through Lust and Laughter. Pity's Sleeping;
Strange times that weep with laughing, not with
weeping.

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my Grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous Nature wild.
Let me behold thy Face: Surely, this Man
Was born of Woman.

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual sober Gods. I do proclaim
One honest Man; Mistake me not, but one.
No more I pray, and he's a Steward.
How fain would I have hated all Mankind,
And thou redeem'st thy self: but all to save thee,
I fell with Curses:

Methinks thou art more honest now than wife;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another Service,
For many so arrive at second Masters,
Upon their first Lord's Neck. But tell me true,
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, (Gifts,
Is't not a using Kindness, and as rich Men deal
Expecting in return twenty for one? (Breast

Flav. No, my most worthy Master, in whose
Doubt and Suspect, alas, are plac'd too late, (feast;
You should have fear'd false times, when you did
Suspect still comes where an Estate is least.

That

That which I shew, Heav'n knows, is meerly Love,
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched Mind,
Care of your Food and Living : And believe it,
My most honour'd Lord,

For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one Wish, that you had power and Wealth
To requite me, by making rich your self,

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so ; thou singly honest Man:
Here take ; the Gods out of my Misery,
Have sent thee Treasure. Go, live rich and happy ;
But thus condition'd ; thou shalt build from Men :
Hate all, Curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famish'd Flesh slide from the Bone,
Ere thou relieve the Beggar. Give to Dogs
What thou deny'st to Men. Let Prisons swallow 'em
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be Men like blasted
Woods,

And may Diseases lick up their false Bloods,
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O let me stay and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curses,
Stay not ; Fly, whilst thou art blest and free ;
Ne'er see thou Man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
Where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him ?
Does the Rumour hold for true,
That he's so full of Gold ?

Pain. Certain
Alcibiades reports it : *Phrynia* and *Timandra*
Had Gold of him, he likewise enrich'd
Poor stragling Soldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis said, he gave unto his Steward
A mighty Sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his
Has been but a try for his Friends ?

Pain. Nothing else :
You shall see him a Palm in *Athens* again,
And flourish with the highest.

Therefore,

Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our Loves.
 To him, in this suppos'd distress of his:
 It will shew honestly in us,
 And is very likely to load our purposes
 With what they travel for,
 If it be a just and true Report, that goes
 Of his having.

Poet. What have you now
 To present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time
 But my Visitation: Only I promise him
 An excellent Piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too;
 Tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best,
 Promising is the very Air o' th' Time;
 It opens the Eyes of Expectation.
 Performance is ever the duller for his act.
 And but in the plainer and simpler kind of People,
 The deed of Saying is quite out of use.
 To promise, is most Courtly and Fashionable,
 Performance is a kind of Will or Testament,
 Which argues a great Sickness in his Judgment.
 That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Tim. Excellent Workman,
 Thou canst not paint a Man so bad
 As is thy self.

Poet. I am thinking
 What I shall say I have provided for him:
 It must be a personating of him himself;
 A Satyr against the softness of Prosperity,
 With a Discovery of the infinite Flatteries
 That follow Youth and Opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs
 Stand for a Villain in thine own Works?
 Wilt thou whip thine own Faults in other Men?
 Do so, I have Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seek him.
 Then do we Sin against our own Estate,
 When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True :

When the Day serves before black corner'd Night ;
Bind that thou wantest' by free and offer'd light
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn ,
What a God's Gold, that he is worship'd
In a baser Timple, than where Swine feed ?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Bark, and plow'st the Foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be worship, and thy Saints for aye
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail ! worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late noble Master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest Men ?

Poet. Sir, having often of your Bounty tasted,
Hearing you were tetir'd, your Friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless Natures, Oh abhorred Spirits!
Not all the Whips of Heav'n are large enough -----
What ! to you !

Whose Star-like Nobleness gave Life and Influence
To their whole Being ! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this Ingratitude
With any fize of Words.

Tim. Let it go,

Naked Men may see't the better :
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and my self,
Have travell'd in the great Shower of your Gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest Men.

Pain. We are hither come
To offer you our Service.

Tim. Most honest Men !

Why how shall I requite you ?
Can you eat Roots, and drink cold Water ? no !

Both. What we can do,
We'll do, to do you Service.

Tim. Y'are honest Men ;
You've heard that I have Gold,
I am sure you have, speak Truth, y'are honest Men.

Pain.

Pain. So it is said, my Noble Lord, but therefore Came not my Friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest Man ; thou draw'st a Counterfeit Best in all *Athens*, thou'rt indeed the best, Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E'en so, Sir, as I say. And for thy Fiction, Why thy Verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth That thou art even Natural in thine Art. But for all this, my honest natur'd Friends, I must needs say you have a little Fault, Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Will you indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a Knave. That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my Lord ?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble, Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him, Keep him in your Bosom, yet remain assur'd That he's a made up Villain.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Poor. Nor I.

Tim. Look you,
I love you well, I'll give you Gold,
Rid me these Villains from your Companies ;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in the draught
Confound them by some Course, and come to me,
I'll give you Gold enough.

Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this ;
But two in Company :
Each Men apart, all single and alone,
Yet an Arch Villain keeps him Company :
If where thou art, two Villains shall not be,

Come

Come not near him. If thou would'st not reside
 But where one Villain is, then him abandon.
 Hence, pack, there's Gold, ye came for Gold, ye Slaves
 You have work for me; there's Payment, thence,
 You are an Alchymist, make Gold of that :
 Out Rascal Dogs.

[Beating and driving e'm out

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with *Timon*,
 For he is set so only to himself,
 That nothing but himself, which looks like Man,
 Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his Cave.

It is our part and promise to th' *Athenians*
 To speak with *Timon*.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same; 'twas Time and Griefs
 That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer Hand,
 Offering the Fortunes of his former Days,
 The former Man may make him; bring us to him.
 And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his Cave:

Peace and Content be here, *Timon ! Timon !*

Look out, and speak to Friends: Th' *Athenians*

By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee ;
 Speak to them, Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sun that comfort burn,

Speak and be hang'd :

For each true Word a Blister, and each false

Be as a Cauterizing to the root o'th' Tongue,

Consuming it with speaking.

1 Sen. Worthy *Timon*.

Tim. Of none but such as you,

And you of *Timon*.

2 Sen. The Senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*

Tim. I thank them.

And would send them back the Plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O forget

What we are sorry for our selves in thee :

The Senators, with one consent of Love,

Intreat

Intreat thee back to *Athens* who have thought
On special Dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2. *Sen.* They confess.

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general gross,
Which now the publick Body, which doth seldom
Play the Recanter, feeling in it self
A lack of *Timon's* Aid, hath Sense withal
Of it's own fail, restraining Aid to *Timon*,
And sends forth us to make their forrowed render
Together with a Recompence more fruitful
Than their Offence can weigh down by the Dram,
Ay, even such heaps and sums of Love and Wealth
As shall to thee blot out what Wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the Figures of their Love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it.

Surprize me to the very brink of Tears :
Lend me a Fool's Heart, and a Woman's Eyes,
And i'll bewEEP these Comforts, worthy Senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore so please thee to return with us
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with Thanks,
Allowed with absolute Power, and thy good Name
Live with Authority? so soon we shall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* the approaches wild,
Who like a Boar too savage, doth root up
His Country's Peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threatening Sword
Against the Walls of *Athens*.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon* ----

Tim. Well Sir, I will? therefore I will Sir thus-
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged Men by th' Beards,
Giving our Holy Virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly mad-brain'd War;
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speaks it,
In pity of our Aged, and our Youth.
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not,

And let him take't at worst ; for their Knives care not
While you have Throats to answer. For my self,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly Camp,
But I do prize it at my Love, before
To reverend'st Throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
To the Protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Thieves to Keepers.

Flaw. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why I was writing on my Epitaph.
It will be seen to Morrow. My long sickness
Of Health and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still.
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague ; you his ;
And last so long enough.

1 *Sen*. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common Brute doth put it,

1 *Sen*. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving Countrymen.

1 *Sen*. These Words become your Lips, as they pass
thro' them.

2 *Sen*. And enter into our Ears like great Triumphers
In their applauding Gates.

Tim. Commend me to them.

And tell them, that to cease them of their Griefs,
Their fears of Hostile Strokes, their Aches, Losses,
Their Pangs of Love, with other incident throws
That Nature's fragile Vessel doth sustain
In Life's uncertain Voyage, I will some kindness do
them.

I'll teach them to prevent wild *Alcibiades*'s Wrath.

2 *Sen*. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequency of decree,
From high to low throughout, that whose please
To stop Affliction, let him take his taste ;
Come hither e'er my Tree hath felt the Ax,
And hang himself. I pray you do my greeting.

Flaw. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Find him.

Tim.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to *Atheni*,
Timon hath made his Everlasting Mansion
 Upon the beached Verge of the salt Flood,
 Which once a Day with his embossed Froth
 The turbulent Surge shall cover, thither come,
 And let my Grave-stone be your Oracle :
 Lips, let four words go by, and Language end :
 What is amiss, Plague and Infection mend,
 Graves only be Mens Works, and Death their Gain.
 Sun, hide thy Beams, *Timon* hath done his Reign.

[Exit *Timon*.]

1 *Sen.* His Discontents are unremoveably coupled
 to Nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead ; let us return,
 And strain what other means is left unto us
 In our dead Peril.

1 *Sen.* requires swift foot

[Exeunt.]

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1. *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd ; are Files
 As full as they report ?

Mes. I have spoke the least.

Besides his Expedition promises present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mes. I met a Courier, one mine ancient Friend,
 Whom though in general part we were oppos'd,
 Yet our old love made a particular force,
 And made us speak like Friends. This Man was riding
 From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's* Cave,
 With Letters of Intreaty, which imported
 His Fellowship i'th' cause against your City.
 In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our Brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
 The Enemies Drum is heard, and fearful scouring
 Doth choak the Air with Dust. In, and prepare,
 Ours is the Fall, I fear, our Foes the Snare [Exeunt.]

Enter a Soldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all Description this should be the Place.

Who's

Who's hear? Speak ho.---No answer?---What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his Span,
 Some Beast read this; there does not live a Man.
 Dead sure, and this his Grave; what's on his Tomb?
 I cannot read; the Character I'll take with Wax;
 Our Captain hath in every Figure skill,
 An aged Interpreter, tho' young in Days:
 Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,
 Whose Fall the mark of his Ambition is. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Power.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious Town,
 Our terrible approach.

[Sound a Parley. The Senators appear upon the Walls.]

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the Time
 With all licentious Measure, making your Wills
 The scope of Justice. 'Till now my self, and such
 As slept within the shadow of your Power,
 Have wander'd with our travest Arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
 When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries, of it self, no more: Now breathless wrong,
 Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,
 And puffy Insolence shall break his Wind
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young;
 When thy first Grievs were but a meer Content-
 Ere thou hadst Power, or we had cause to fear,
 We sent to thee, to give thy Rages Balm,
 To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loves
 Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
 Transformed *Timon* to our City's Love
 By humble Message, and by promis'd Means:
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of War.

1 Sen. These Walls of ours
 Were not erected by their Hands, from whom
 You have receiv'd your Grief: Nor are they such

That

That these great Towers, Trophies, and Schools
should fall

For private Faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living

Who were the Motives that you first went out,
Shame, that they wanted Cunning in excess,
Hath broke their Heart. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spread,
By Decimation and a tithed Dearth;
If thy Revenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loaths, take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended:

For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands,
Are not inherited. Then dear Countrymen,
Bring in thy Ranks, but leave without thy Rage,
Spare thy *Athenian* Cradle, and those Kin
With those that have offended, like a Shepherd,
Approach the Fold, and cull th' Infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,

Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy Smile,
Then hew to't with thy Sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy Foot

Against our rampir'd Gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle Heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy Glove,

Or any token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt use the Wars as thy Redress,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Town, 'till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Glove,

Descend, and open your uncharged Ports,
Those Enemies of *Timon's*. and mine own,
Whom you your selves shall set out for Reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your Fears
With my more noble Meaning, not a Man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the Stream

Of regular Justice in your City's bounds
But shall be remedied by your publick Laws,
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your Words.

Enter a Messenger.

M. My noble General, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' Sea,
And on his Gravestone, this Insculpture, which
With Wax I brought away; whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poor Ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.*]

*Here lyes a wretched Course, of wretched Soul bereft,
Seek not my Name: A Plague consume you Caitiffs left.
Here lye I Timon, who all living Men hate,
Pass by, and curse thy fill, but stay not here thy Gate.*

These well express in thee thy latter Spirits:
Tho' thou abhorr'd'st in us our human Grievs,
Scorn'dst our Brains flow, and those our drople's,
From niggard Nature fall; yet rich Conceit (which
Taught thee to make vast *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low Grave; on Faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble *Timon*, of whose Memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your City,
And I will use the Olive with my Sword,
Make War breed Peace; make Peace stint War,
make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's Leach.
Let our Drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]



Advertisement

Advertisement for the sale of the property of the late John A. Taylor, Esq. of the County of ... State of ... The property consists of ... and is situated in the ... of the County of ... The property is to be sold at public auction on the ... day of ... at ... o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. The property is to be sold to the highest bidder for cash. The terms of sale are that the purchaser shall pay the purchase money in full at the time of the sale. The property is to be sold without reserve. The property is to be sold as a whole or in lots as the purchaser may desire. The property is to be sold subject to the same conditions and exceptions as are contained in the ... of the County of ... The property is to be sold subject to the same conditions and exceptions as are contained in the ... of the County of ... The property is to be sold subject to the same conditions and exceptions as are contained in the ... of the County of ...



Advertisement for the sale of the property of the late John A. Taylor, Esq. of the County of ... State of ... The property consists of ... and is situated in the ... of the County of ... The property is to be sold at public auction on the ... day of ... at ... o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. The property is to be sold to the highest bidder for cash. The terms of sale are that the purchaser shall pay the purchase money in full at the time of the sale. The property is to be sold without reserve. The property is to be sold as a whole or in lots as the purchaser may desire. The property is to be sold subject to the same conditions and exceptions as are contained in the ... of the County of ... The property is to be sold subject to the same conditions and exceptions as are contained in the ... of the County of ... The property is to be sold subject to the same conditions and exceptions as are contained in the ... of the County of ...

Advertisement.

WHEREAS J. Tonson, and his Accomplices, have undertaken to print, or more properly pirate all Shakespear's PLAYS, and have publish'd several of the said PLAYS in a very incorrect and imperfect Manner, printed on a very bad Letter, in the major Part of which there are a great Number of Omissions, occasioned thro' Carelesness or Ignorance, and in all Probability by both, whereby the PLAYS so pirated by the said J. Tonson in Conjunction with his Accomplices are render'd unintelligible and of no Service. Yet in order to cast the same Odium on the PLAYS Beautifully and correctly printed by R. WALKER, which J. Tonson's maim'd Edition justly deserve, they have caused an Advertisement to be signed by Mr. Chetwood, Prompter of Drury-Lane Play-house, which is so absurd and impertinent, that it is thought very proper to make the following Answer.

WHEREAS an Advertisement was inserted in several of the News Papers, signed William Chetwood, in Relation to R. Walker's Edition of Shakespear, I think my self obliged to shew the Publick, that the said Advertisement is Foolish, False and Scandalous; and a Gross Imposition on the Publick.

Foolish in a Fellow to thrust himself officiously and impertinently in a Business which no ways concerns him, and that too at the Expence of that Modesty, which he has, with a great deal of Affectation, always pretended to; for nothing can certainly be so vain or impudent as this Prompter's answering publickly to a Charge that was never brought against him; no such Thing having been ever insinuated by Mr. Walker, as that he made use of any Copy obtained from him, for it would be of no more Service to have his Marks of Exits, Entrances, Properties, &c. than it would be to print any of the Drolls, or other Rubbish written by himself.

False

False in saying Mr. Walker's Edition has innumerable Errors in it, and is not as acted at the Theatres: but this is a Falshood that almost every Reader is able to discover, who, without doubt, can judge of this as well as the Prompter, the Candle-Snuffer, or any other Servant in the House.

And Scandalous, in saying, The Right of the Proprietors is basely invaded; for if they had any Right they would try it, which they have been oftentimes call'd upon to do, by R. Walker.

And lastly. A Gross Imposition on the Publick, for he denies, that he ever compared the Plays printed by Mr. Walker with those printed by Mr. Tonson; and as Chetwood says himself, that he has a Share in some of Shakespear's Plays, I submit it to the Publick, whether he did not sign that Advertisement on Purpose to serve a Turn.

A Specimen of some of Tonson's Omissions and Blunders in the Tragedy of King Lear, which render the same useless and unintelligible.

IN the first Place he is wrong in his Title; he calls it the Life and Death of King Lear; the original Title by Shakespear, was only King Lear, a Tragedy, and when alter'd and reviv'd by N Tate, Esq; The History of King Lear, and his three Daughters; how can it be called The Life and Death of King Lear, when in the Play as it has been acted for near fifty Years last past (tho' Tonson's spurious Edition kills him on the Stage) King Lear, at the Conclusion of the Play remains alive, and gives his Daughter Cordelia in Marriage to Edgar, Son to Gloucester.

In the second Place, he has omitted the Prologue to the same Tragedy, as well as the Epilogue, which was spoken by the Celebrated Mrs. Barry.

In the third Place, he has Printed it from an erroneous Edition; in which there is not one Scene in the whole, as Acted at the Theatres, neither has it the same Beginning or Ending.

Besides

Besides what is already observ'd, there are innumerrble Omissions and Blunders in his other Plays, insomuch that there is scarce one Play that is Perfect: some want Frontispices some the Titles, and in several others, whole Scenes, half Pages, and Speeches, are entirely omitted: So that each Vol. of Tonsou's, is nothing but a Compound of mangled Scraps and Nonsense. And I believe, every considerate Person will allow, that a neat and correct Play is cheaper at Four-pence, than a mangled and incorrect one, Printed on a Mixture of good and bad Paper, is at Three-pence.

The following Plays are already published
of Shakespear's Works.

The First Volume.

I. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. II. Julius Caesar.
III. The Life and Death of Crook-back'd Richard. IV. The
Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell. V. The Tempest,
or the Inchanted Island. VI. The Merry Wives of Windsor,
with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff.

The Second Volume.

I. Macbeth. II. Othello, Moor of Venice. III. The first
Part of Henry IV. with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff.
IV. Titus Andronicus. V. The London Prodigal. VI. Measure
for Measure.

The Third Volume.

I. Pericles, Prince of Tyre. II. King Lear, and his
Three Daughters III. The Puritan or the Widow of Watling
Street. IV. The Two Gentlemen of Verona. V. Antony and
Cleopatra. VI. The Second Part of Henry IV. containing
his Death, the Coronation of Henry V. and the Humours of
Sir John Falstaff.

The

The Fourth Volume.

I. Locrine, The Eldest Son of King Brutus. II. Sir John Oldcastle, The Good Lord Cobham. III. Timon of Athens.

The Comedy of The Merchant of Venice, which is already publish'd by Tonson, will in a few Days be publish'd by me, wherein will be shewn above a hundred Mistakes in that Play publish'd by J. Tonson, which makes it evident that all the Plays publish'd by him, and his Accomplices, are pirated, incoherent Nonsense, and Grubstreet Stuff.



